



No. 113

Ten Cents

OCT.
1947



ACTION COMICS

What happens to
SUPERMAN'S
super-strength
when he becomes
**"JUST AN
ORDINARY GUY?"**



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SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



THERE'S NO SUCH
ANIMAL.
WE'VE HUNTED HIGH
AND LOW,
IN LAND OF APE
AND CANNIBAL,
BUT NOWHERE TO
BE FOUND
IS X, THE UNKNOWN
QUANTITY—
POOR CHAP, HE'LL NEVER
READ THE BOOKS
WITH THE SIGN THAT
MEANS "I WANT IT,
GEE!"



-ON THE COVER OF
**FLASH
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

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SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND JOE SHUSTER

PERHAPS YOU, TOO, HAVE AT TIMES WANTED TO BE LIKE SUPERMAN. PERHAPS THERE HAVE BEEN MOMENTS WHEN YOU'VE HAD SECRET YEARNINGS TO POSSESS THE EXTRAORDINARY POWERS OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW. BUT HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO REALIZE THAT SUBMERGED WITHIN EVERY ONE OF US ARE CERTAIN SUPER-POWERS WHICH A LITTLE SELF-KNOWLEDGE CAN EASILY BRING TO LIFE? YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT? THEN LEARN A LESSON FROM SUPERMAN, HIMSELF, AS HE DISCOVERS THE GREAT TRUTH ABOUT BEING...

"JUST AN Ordinary GUY!"



WHAT A MESS!
ME — SUPERMAN —
IN JAIL!

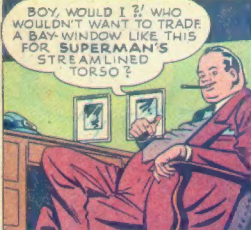


WHAT? IS THE MAN OF TOMORROW
REALLY DOING TIME? HOW COME?
WELL — IT ALL STARTED YESTERDAY
MORNING WHEN...

The
DAILY
PLANET'S
ROVING
REPORTER
ASKED
PEOPLE
THE
QUESTION:

"Would
you
like
to be
SUPERMAN"
?

MAGNUS TUBB, HAIR TONIC
MANUFACTURER...



BOY, WOULD I?! WHO
WOULDN'T WANT TO TRADE
A BAY-WINDOW LIKE THIS
FOR SUPERMAN'S
STREAMLINED
TORSO?

ALEXANDER KRAYMORE,
BOOKKEEPER...

NEXT TO GETTING MARRIED
TO MAMIE, HERE, I'D LIKE
NOTHING BETTER THAN
SUPERMAN'S
POWERS.



JOHN PAUL SMITH,
PITCHMAN...

YER ASKIN' WOULD I LIKE TO
BE SUPERMAN? GIMME HIS
MUSCLES, AND I COULD MOVE
PIANOS FOR A
LIVING!



CLARK KENT, DAILY PLANET
REPORTER...

WOULD I LIKE TO BE
SUPERMAN? ER —
SURE I WOULD.
WHO WOULDN'T?

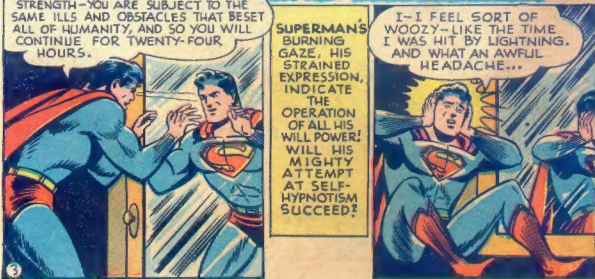
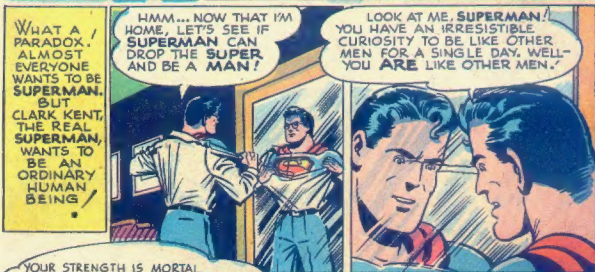
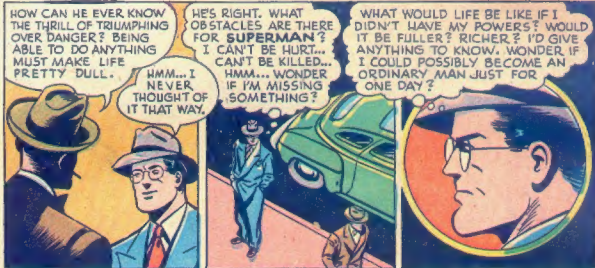


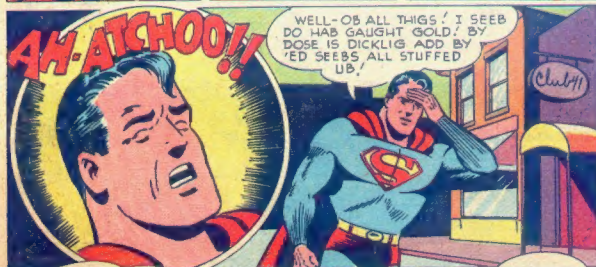
YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE
REST OF 'EM, CLARK. EVERY-
BODY WANTS TO BE SUPERMAN.
DOESN'T ANYONE WANT TO BE
JUST A NORMAL HUMAN
BEING?

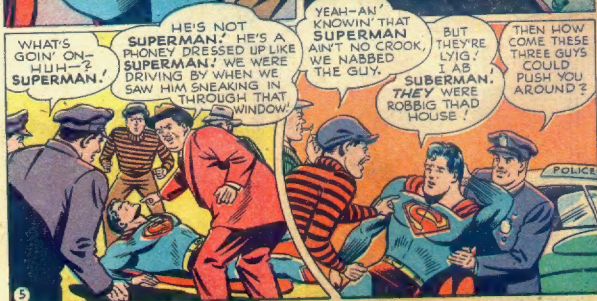
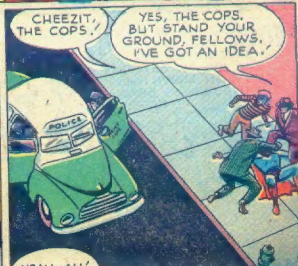
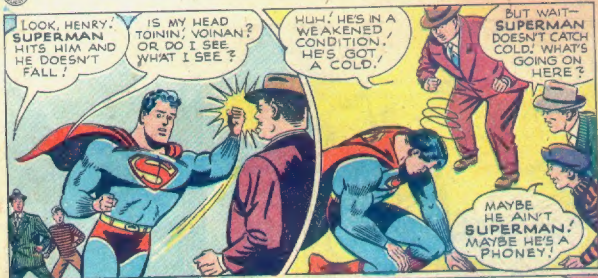
WHY—
WOULDN'T
YOU LIKE
TO BE
SUPERMAN?

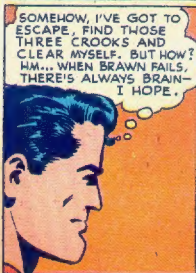
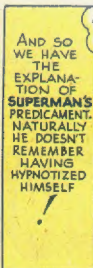
NO! I'D BE BORED
SILLY! HOW CAN YOU GET
A KICK OUT OF LIFE IF EVERY-
THING COMES SO EASY? AN
ORDINARY GUY GETS A THRILL
OUT OF OVERCOMING
OBSTACLES. BUT DOES
SUPERMAN?





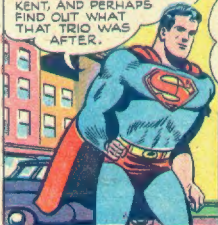








NEXT STOP—HOME FOR MY SPARE COSTUME. THEN TO PAY A VISIT TO THAT HOUSE AS CLARK KENT, AND PERHAPS FIND OUT WHAT THAT TRIO WAS AFTER.



MEANWHILE, IN A SEEDY ROOM SOMEWHERE IN TOWN, A SEEDY TRIO PLANTS THE SEEDS OF FUTURE CRIME...

IT WAS SAPPY TRYIN' TO BUST INTO THAT HOUSE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. WE'VE GOT TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

YEAH—GET YOUR BRAIN CHOININ' VOINAN!

LET'S SEE...



I GOT BOUNCED FROM MY BUTLER JOB BEFORE LEARNING JUST WHERE THAT SECRET PANEL IS WHERE THE JEWELS ARE HIDDEN. BUT BEING THAT THE FURNITURE IS OUT...

...CAUSE THE HOUSE IS SUPPOSED TO BE PAINTED WHILE THE FAMILY IS ON VACATION, WE CAN TAKE THAT PLACE APART IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, AN' EVEN GET THE COPS' COOPERATION.

YEAH? HOW?

BY GOIN' BACK TO OUR OLD TRADE BEFORE I WAS A BUTLER.

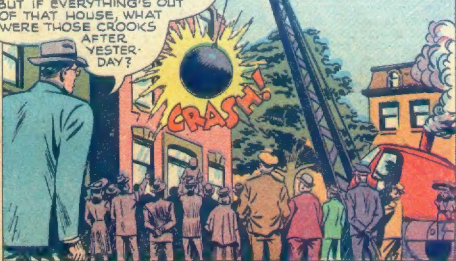
GEE—THAT'S AN IDEA.

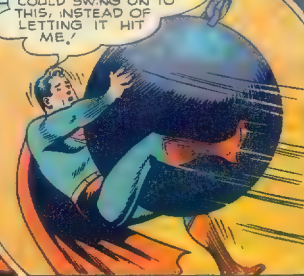
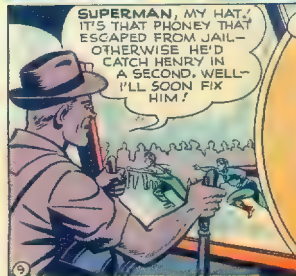
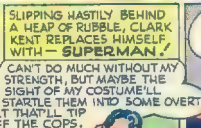
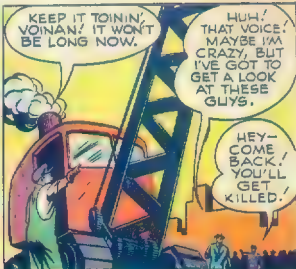
IT'S NERVY, BUT WE KIN WRITE OUT A PHONEY PERMIT.

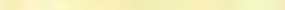
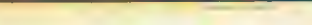
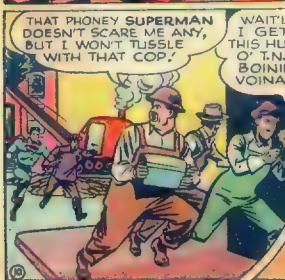
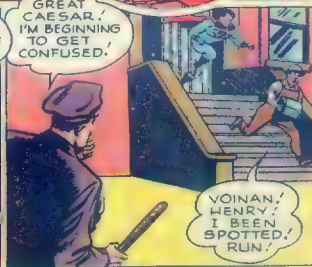
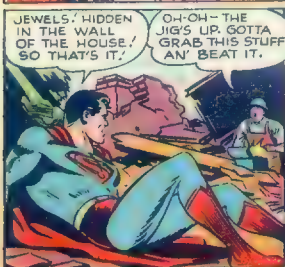


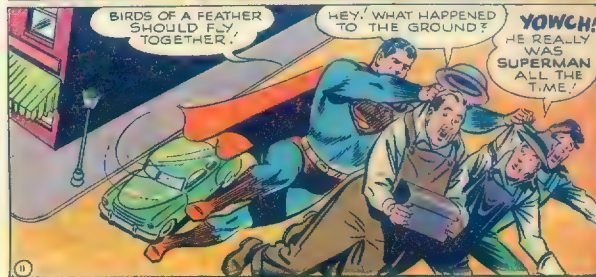
AND SO, HAVING HAD A PREVIEW OF THINGS TO COME, LET'S SKIP A FEW HOURS AND JOIN CLARK KENT. AS HE RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

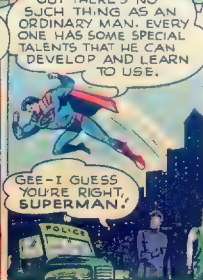
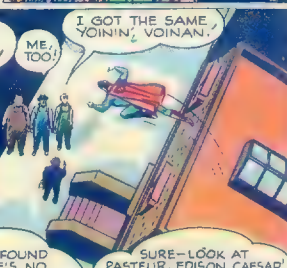
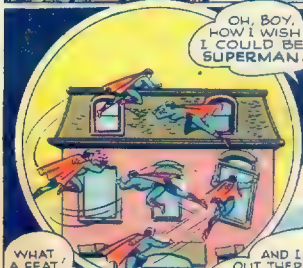
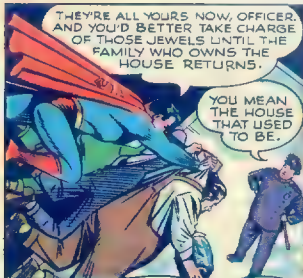
HUH—A CROWD AROUND THE HOUSE. WHY, THERE'S A WRECKING CREW AT WORK. THE HOUSE IS BEING DEMOLISHED. BUT IF EVERYTHING'S OUT OF THAT HOUSE, WHAT WERE THOSE CROOKS AFTER YESTER-DAY?











Harry BRECHEEN

CHAMPION
PITCHER OF
THE WORLD'S
CHAMPION
ST. LOUIS
CARDINALS

THE
SECRET OF MY
SUCCESS?

WELL
NOW...

HERO OF THE
1946 WORLD'S SERIES,
BRECHEEN IS THE ONLY LEFT
HANDED PITCHER TO EVER
WIN 3 SERIES GAMES

I HAVEN'T HAD
MUCH REST...
BUT I'VE
HAD A LOT OF
WHEATIES!

BRECHEEN SOUTHPAWED
COMPLETE GAMES TO EVEN
THE SERIES STRUGGLE TWICE. THEN
HARRY "THE CAT" SCRATCHED BOSTON'S
PENNANT HOPES WITH A MASTERFUL RE-
LIEF JOB IN THE DECISIVE SEVENTH GAME

"I'M LEFT HANDED,"
SAYS HARRY BRECHEEN.
"BUT I SURE KNOW A RIGHT
THING. I KNOW THE RIGHT
KIND OF BREAKFAST IS
ONE THAT INCLUDES LOTS
OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK
AND FRUIT. YOU SHOULD SEE
ME PITCH INTO A 'BIG BOWL
OF WHEATIES, 'BREAK-
FAST OF CHAMPIONS'!"

NOW
I'M PITCHING
RIGHT

WHEATIES

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

CHARLES GUPPY IS ALWAYS LATE. HE'S LATE FOR BREAKFAST, LATE FOR WORK... LATE FOR BUSINESS APPOINTMENTS... BUT WHEN HIS LATENESS NEARLY COSTS HIM A FORTUNE... ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, FLIES TO HIS RESCUE, AND PITS TIME AGAINST CRIME, TO SAVE...

"The Man Who Was Always Late!"

WITNESS A TYPICAL INCIDENT IN THE CHILDHOOD OF CHARLES GUPPY...



AND IN COLLEGE...

I'M HERE (PANT) FOR THE MILE RACE... (PANT)...

WE JUST RAN THE MILE RACE! SORRY, SON, BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE! HA, HA!

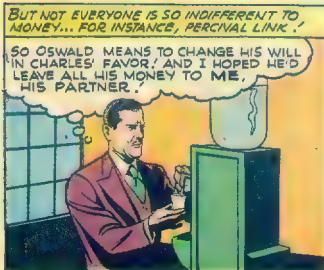
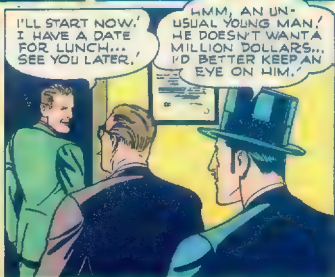


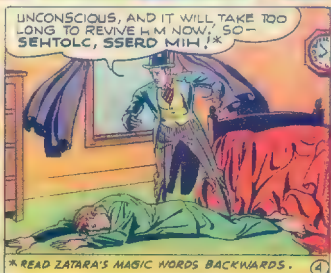
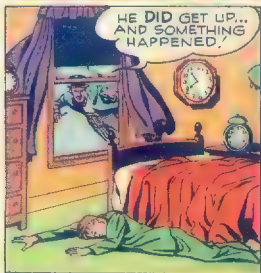
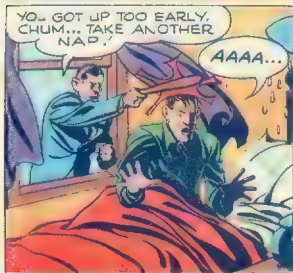
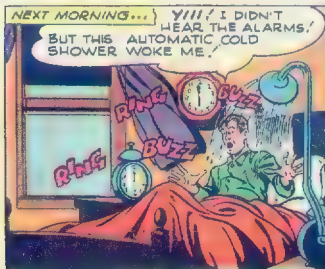
HMM,
THAT ISN'T
EASY! BUT
WHY NOT
TRY THIS...

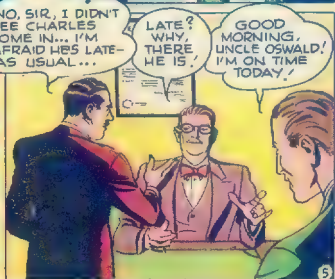
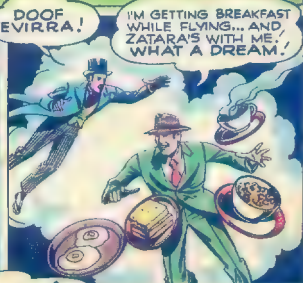
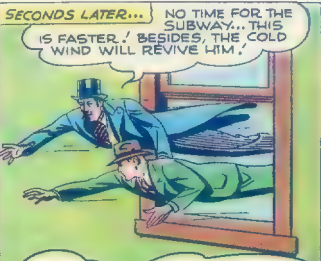
THAT'S BECAUSE
I HURRIED, UNCLE
OSWALD.

HERE HE IS NOW— ONLY TWO HOURS LATE. HE'S IMPROVING!

THAT'S BECAUSE I HURRIED, UNCLE OSWALD.









BUT I DIDN'T SEE HIM COME IN...
AND SHIFTY SAID HE'D KNOCKED
HIM OUT, SOMETHING WENT
WRONG.



AND SO, THAT NIGHT...

SO HE KEPT ALL HIS APPOINTMENTS
ON TIME TODAY? WELL, I'LL SLUG
HIM SO HARD THIS TIME, HE WON'T
COME TO FOR A WEEK.

NO, I'VE
A BETTER
IDEA...



WE'LL TURN
ALL HIS CLOCKS
BACK TWO
HOURS...

HMM, SO
LINK IS THE
VILLAIN.



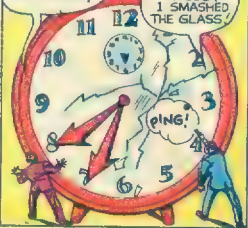
ZATARA!

WITH TIME ON MY
HANDS... AND NOW
IT'LL BE ON YOURS!
EB YNIT!

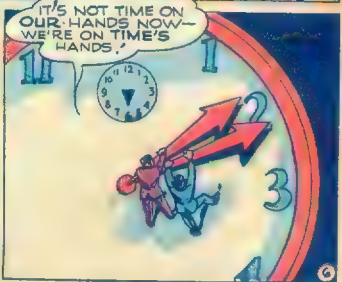


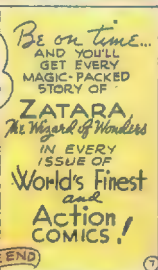
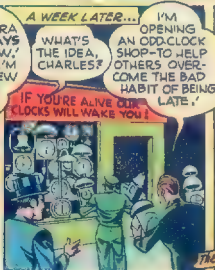
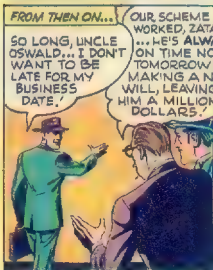
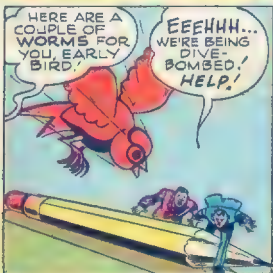
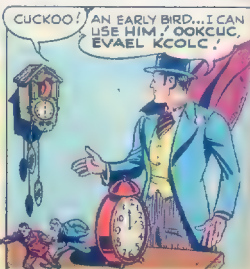
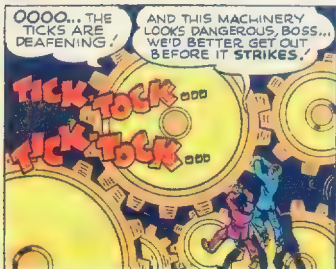
YIII! WE SHRANK!
AND NOW HE'S
AFTER US!

INTO THE
CLOCK,
BOSS!
I SMASHED
THE GLASS!



IT'S NOT TIME ON
OUR HANDS NOW—
WE'RE ON TIME'S
HANDS.

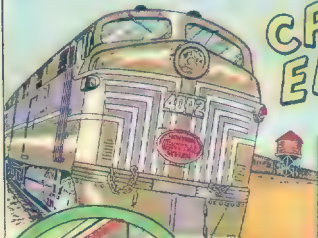




TO GET THERE FIRST:

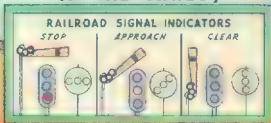
CRACK ENGINEERS

FOLLOW THE RULES OF THE RAILS!



THOMAS L. PERKINS
CRACK ENGINEER OF THE "20TH CENTURY LTD." SAYS:

YOU HAVE TO KNOW THE TRAFFIC RULES OF THE RAILS THOROUGHLY TO HANDLE A CRACK TRAIN EXPERTLY AND EFFICIENTLY. THAT GOES FOR HANDLING A BICYCLE, TOO. THE MAKERS OF **COLUMBIA** BICYCLES HAVE MADE IT EASY FOR YOU TO LEARN THESE RULES WITH THEIR **GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD**. SO, BOYS AND GIRLS, WHETHER YOU OWN A BIKE NOW OR HOPE TO OWN ONE SOON... TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER TO HELP YOU QUALIFY AS A CRACK BIKE ENGINEER.



GET
YOUR

COLUMBIA CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD

It's YOURS! the "rotating-dial" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD. It enables you to qualify as a cycling expert. 16 rules of the road are illustrated and show up with a flick of your finger. Also traffic and hand signals; bicycle check-chart for maintenance. Send only 10¢ IN COIN to cover cost of handling. Whether you own a bicycle or plan to buy one, get this Guide NOW.



COLUMBIA BICYCLES
Box 26, Church Street Sta. New York 8, N. Y.

Here a 10¢ coin for my "rotating-dial" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD

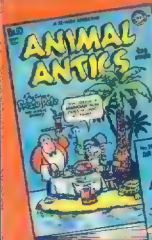
Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Columbia

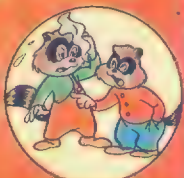
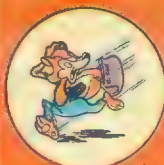
SINCE 1877
AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE



TOPS!



TWO MAGAZINES
CHOCK-FULL OF
YOUR FAVORITE
ANIMAL PALS!



CONGO BILL

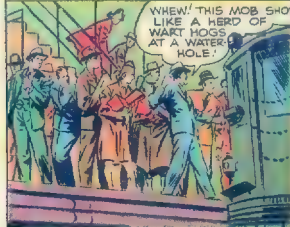
CONGO BILL HAS GUIDED MEN THROUGH AFRICAN JUNGLES AND ARCTIC WASTES... HE KNOWS THE WILD PLACES OF THE EARTH AS YOU KNOW THE PALM OF YOUR OWN HAND... BUT THERE'S ONE PLACE WHERE HE NEEDS A GUIDE HIMSELF! AND, LUCKILY, THE GREAT GLOBE-TROTTER FINDS A GOOD ONE, WHO KNOWS EVERY TWIST AND TURN OF THE UNDERGROUND MAZE WHERE SWIFT AND SILENT DEATH THREATENS FROM....

"SKULDUGGERY IN THE SUBWAY!"



IN A BIG CITY "JUNGLE," A METAL MONSTER RUMBLES MENACINGLY AHEAD...

WHEW! THIS MOB SHOVS LIKE A HERD OF WART HOGS AT A WATER-HOLE!



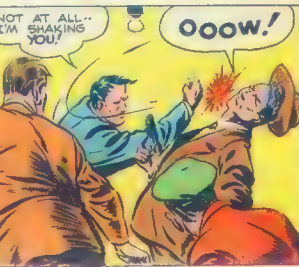
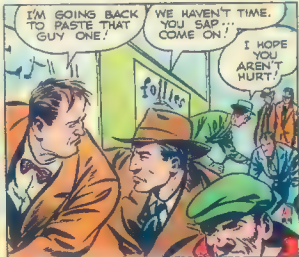
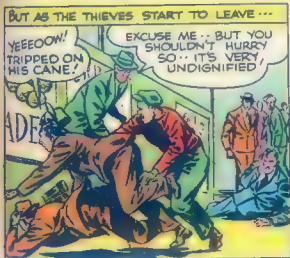
YES, STRUGGLE IS THE RULE IN THE SUBWAY! BUT CONGO BILL IS USED TO A TOUGH FIGHT, SO...

WAIT, MISTER, LAD ES FIRST!

HLH? GO BACK TO WHERE YA CAME FROM, YA COUNTRY HICK!

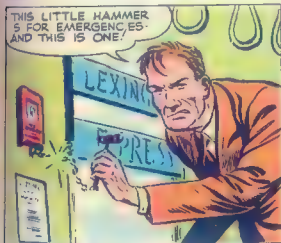








THIS LITTLE HAMMER
S FOR EMERGENCIES—
AND THIS IS ONE!



FOR ONCE I
ENJOY BEING A
STRAP-HANGER!

OWWW!



AS THE TRAIN PULLS INTO A STATION...

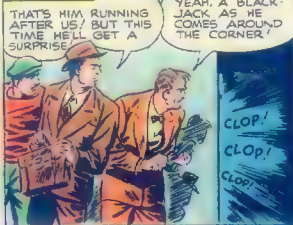
NO USE TANGLING
WITH THAT GUY IF
WE CAN AVOID IT—
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!



BUT ONCE MORE AROUND A BEND OF A
CORRIDOR...

THAT'S HIM RUNNING
AFTER US! BUT THIS
TIME HE'LL GET A
SURPRISE!

YEAH, A BLACK-
JACK, AS HE
COMES AROUND
THE CORNER!



CLOP!

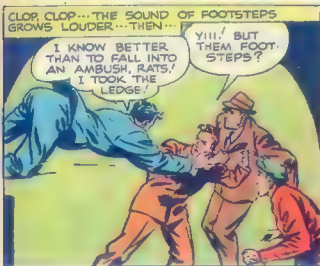
CLOP!

CLOP!

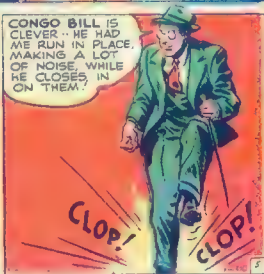
CLOP, CLOP... THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS
GROWS LOUDER... THEN...

I KNOW BETTER
THAN TO FALL INTO
AN AMBUSH, RATS!
I TOOK THE
LEDGE!

YIII! BUT
THEM FOOT-
STEPS?



CONGO BILL IS
CLEVER... HE HAD
ME RUN IN PLACE,
MAKING A LOT
OF NOISE, WHILE
HE CLOSES IN
ON THEM!



CLOP!

CLOP!

BUT YOU'RE LIKELY TO MEET ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE IN THE SUBWAY -- AND NOW...

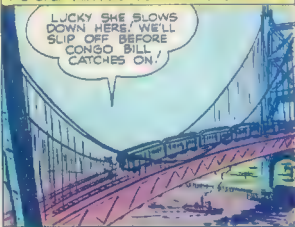
WHAT A BREAK...
LET'S GO,
BOYS!

OUT OF THE
WAY!



ANOTHER SWITCH TO A TRAIN THEN INTO THE OPEN AIR AND OUT ONTO A BRIDGE...

LUCKY SHE SLOWS
DOWN HERE, WE'LL
SLIP OFF BEFORE
CONGO BILL
CATCHES ON!



HELLO, BOYS! MY FRIEND HERE
WARNED ME THE TRAIN SLOWED
DOWN ON THE BRIDGE,
SO I FIGURED
THIS WOULD BE
A GOOD PLACE TO
MEET YOU!

YIP...
HE THINKS
TOO FAST
FOR US!



IT'S MY JUNGLE TRAINING! DON'T WE GIVE
NOW I'LL PUT YOU UP!

HELP!

SMACK!



LATER, AFTER THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN OVER--

YOU WERE A BIG
HELP--THE WAY
YOU KEPT YOUR
EYES ON THOSE
THUGS WAS
WONDERFUL!

THANKS, CONGO BILL!
I GET AROUND PRETTY
WELL, BUT I DON'T
KEEP MY EYES
ON THEM--

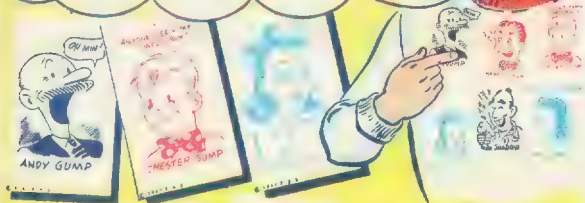


YOU SEE I GO
BY SOUND
AND FEEL--
I'M BLIND!

AND NEITHER I NOR
THOSE CROOKS SUS-
PECTED, GOSH, YOU
SEE MORE
WITHOUT
EYES THAN
MOST
PEOPLE
DO WITH
THEM!



LOOK! A COMIC TRANSFER
 LIKE THESE IN EVERY PACKAGE
 OF **KELLOGG'S** SHREDDED WHEAT!



**MOM CAN PRESS THEM
 ON WITH A HOT IRON!**

Genuine hot-iron transfer pictures
 in color! Famous comic strip people!
 Slick for your sweat shirt, jacket,
 T-shirt—for all sports' clothes! Tell
 Mom—Kellogg's Shredded Wheat
 gives you a comic transfer as a
PRIZE in every package!

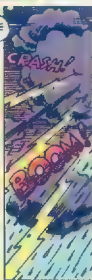
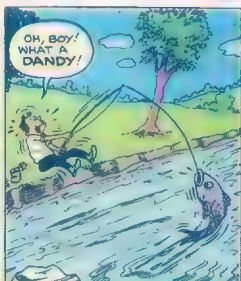
These prizes are included only in packages of
 Kellogg's Shredded Wheat sold in the United States.

**REAL FUNNYPAPER FOLKS
 FOR YOUR SHIRTS, HANKIES
 AND BANDANNAS!**



Pst! Mom
 For a bright start
 at breakfast—
this is it!





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

YJGP VJKPIU IGV VQ-
WII, TGOGODGT VJCV
PQ UCKNQT GXGT FKU-
VKPIWKUJGF JKOUNH
QP C UOQQVJ UGC.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

OCT.

Dear Superman,

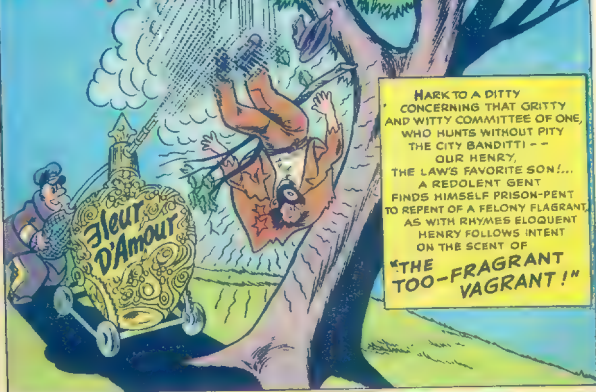
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME AGE

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE STATE.....

Hayfoot Henry



HARK TO A DITTY
CONCERNING THAT GRITTY
AND WITTY COMMITTEE OF ONE,
WHO HUNTS WITHOUT PITY
THE CITY BANDIT! --
OUR HENRY,
THE LAW'S FAVORITE SON!...
A REDOLENT GENT
FINDS HIMSELF PRISON-PENT
TO REPENT OF A FELONY FLAGRANT,
AS WITH RHYMES ELOQUENT
HENRY FOLLOWS INTENT
ON THE SCENT OF
"THE
TOO-FRAGRANT
VAGRANT!"

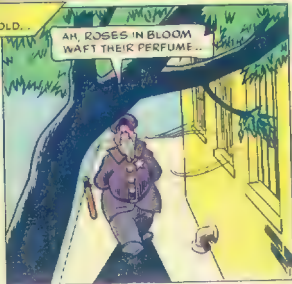
THE STORY OF AMBERGRIS* OFT HAS BEEN TOLD:
IT COMES FROM A WHALE, AND IT'S RARER THAN GOLD...

"FOREVER AMBERGRIS"
NOW
SHOWING
AT THE
BIJOU

IT BLENDS WITH RARE SCENTS
TO MAKE PERFUMES SUBLIME--
BUT HOW CAN A GUY
MAKE IT BLEND IN A RHYME?

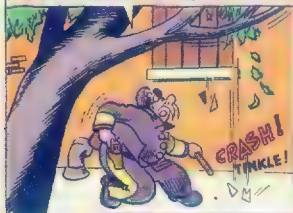
IT'S SCENTSA

*PRONOUNCED AMBERGREES.



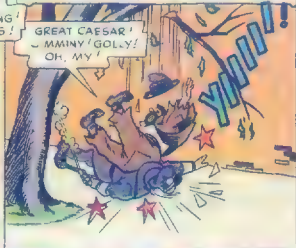


BAMBERGRIS...CAMBERGRIS...BAH--HOW ABSURD!
IS THERE NO AMBERGRIS--ECHOING WORD?...
WHAT--? UP ABOVE ME--A CRASH AND A TINKLING!
A THIEF AT A WINDOW I'VE MORE THAN AN INKLING!



HALT, OR I'LL SHOOT, IN THE NAME OF THE--

GREAT CAESAR!
--MMINY' GOLLY!
OH, MY!



I'LL BRUSH OFF THE DIRT--
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT HURT--



I FEEL FAR
FROM WELL--
GOODNESS ME,
HOW YOU
SMELL!

I KNOW IT
MON FRERE.
I USED TO
WORK
THERE!

"AND ONE FATEFUL DAY I FELL INTO A TANK
OF PURE FLEUR D'AMOUR! TO THE BOTTOM I SANK
ABSORBING RARE ESSENCES--THEN I RETIRED!"

"THE SMELL WOULDN'T LEAVE ME, I SOON ENOUGH FOUND,
AND PEOPLE JUST COULDN'T STAND ME AROUND!"

YOU'VE RUINED A BATCH WORTH A FORTUNE!
YOU'RE FIRED!



HE SAYS HE WANTS WORK!

HELP
WANTED

WHEW! THROW HIM OUT!
NO ONE COULD STAND
TO HAVE HIM ABOUT!



SO SHUNNED AND FORSAKEN, WITHOUT PALS OR PEF, I WANDERED IN FRAGRANCE--AND HATED MYSELF!

THEN WHY'D YOU COME BACK TO THE SCENE OF YOUR SACK?

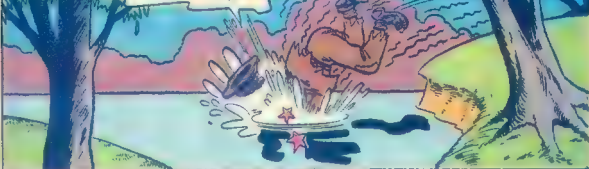


ALL RIGHT, TO MY TALE OF WOE GIVE EAR, AND PREPARE TO SHED A WILLING TEAR, BEFORE YOU PUNCH MY WAGGING JAW FOR BREAKING THE SLEEPYSIDE BURGLARY LAW.



"IT ALL STARTED OUT WITH A DESPERATE LEAP IN A LAKE THAT, UNFORTUNATELY, WASN'T SO DEEP..."

FAREWELL, CRUEL WORLD!
I LEAVE YOU NOW
FOR GREENER PASTURES,
MAYBE -- OW!



"I PERFUMED THE WATER! I FLOUNDERED ALONE IN THOUSANDS OF GALLONS OF --"

--EAU DE COLOGNE!



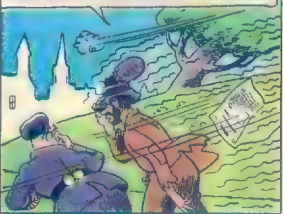
I HAD AN IDEA!
IF I BOTTLED
THAT WATER--

--YOU'D GROW VERY RICH
SELLING COLOGNE FOR
A QUARTER!





YES, BUT WHAT HAPPENED? THE PERFUME VAPORIZED BEFORE I COULD JUG IT! I SOON REALIZED IT WOULD ESCAPE ME AS FAST AS I MIXED IT IF AMBERGRIS WASN'T PUT IN AS A FIXATIVE!



SO THAT'S WHY YOU SOUGHT TO BURGLARIZE YOUR FORMER EMPLOYER - YOU WANTED TO STEAL HIS AMBERGRIS - AND NOW YOU NEED A LAWYER!



YES, AMBERGRIS PROMPTED MY QUICKLY-NIPPED CRIME! I CLAMBERED THE TREE TO THE WINDOW --

MY RHYME!



NOW HERE I DEPART, HAVING DONE MY DARK DUTY, I'LL RENDER MY POEM IN ALL ITS STARK BEAUTY!

WHY CAN'T WE JUST SKIP IT? I'M HALF IN A COMA ALREADY FROM BREATHING THIS AWFUL AROMA!



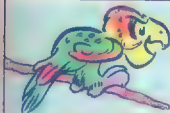
YOU'LL SIT IN THE GLOOM OF THIS WELL-VENTED ROOM TILL YOU'VE LOST THE LAST TRACE OF YOUR FATEFUL PERFUME...



THEN NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU CRAVE AMBERGRIS WITH A CRAVING THAT FORCES YOU TO CLAMBER TREES!

SO THAT'S YOUR RHYME! WELL I'D RATHER DO TIME!





AN OLD FRIEND

By EWALD LUDWIG

"WELL, good-bye, Joe," said Gus. "It's been wonderful working here in the Zoo for the last ten years, and I've enjoyed every minute of it."

They were in the Curator's Office, and had just shaken hands in farewell. The Curator walked to the door with him.

"We're certainly sorry to see you go. No one around here could handle the animals and birds as you did. You've been a Keeper at one time or another in every one of the bird and animal collections, and they seemed to enjoy your company as much as you did theirs. They'll miss you too, all except that parrot that escaped last week—the one that was always arguing with you. Well, goodbye and good luck."

Yes, it was goodbye all right. Gus had waited for this moment for many years, and now he was about to start in on the career that he had been studying for practically all his life. Certainly, if anyone had ever worked to learn a trade, he had. There was nothing he didn't know, or couldn't do in that line.

First it had been the noise around the farm—the lowing and mooing of the cattle—the baaing of the sheep—the peeping, crowing, cackling, quacking of the fowl. And then, when all those had been mastered—out to the fields and woods. The chirping of the crickets—the thousand and one bird calls—the grunts, snorts, barks, and

sundry other noises of the wild animals.

And then he had gotten the job at the Zoo. There were over a thousand species of animals and birds, and practically every one of them made some special kind of noise. And he had mastered them too.

As Gus walked on light feet toward the subway that was to take him downtown for his first appearance, he patted once more the contract in his coat pocket.

"Just think—Sound Effects Man, Bird and Animal, for the KRO Studios, biggest in the world. Gosh, I can hardly believe it."

Everything ran along smoothly. Gus was a hit—at the studio and to his listeners. His fan mail grew by leaps and bounds. He made recordings of his bird calls. He was Guest Star on other programs.

From noon to midnight, at one time or another, he howled, roared, bellowed, yelped, yapped, growled, snarled, grunted, snorted, squeaked, neighed and brayed. Or else he mewed, purred, bleated, lowed, mooed. Sometimes, he croaked, crowed, screeched, cawed, cooed, gobbled, quacked, cackled, clucked or clacked. Often, he cheeped, chirped, twittered, whistled or cuckooed. And he also pouted, wailed, hummed, buzzed and hissed.

He liked his personal appearances best. Then he didn't have to follow a script with its commonplace everyday sounds. He could

then call on his bag of tricks that he had learned at the Zoo. He loved to answer requests, especially from people who had lived abroad in any of the distant continents. And he never failed. He gave them what they asked for from AARDVARK to ZEBRA.

Then one day it happened. The studio had taken on a new writer for one of the soap operas. They were trying out a new angle. This fellow had graduated from college, and then some. The studio thought that maybe he could improve the scripts, give them that high-brow touch. He did that all right—for Gus.

There it was on Gus' script. The sound he called for was *Amazona Aestiva*. Gus was stumped, but didn't want to admit it. So he casually dropped in at the writer's office.

"By the way," Gus said, "where does this creature come from?" He pointed to the two descriptive words.

"From the Amazon, of course. Didn't you know?" the writer snapped.

"Oh," said Gus, and walked out.

The program was scheduled the next day. No Gus. He had disappeared. They cut out the bit, for Gus was nowhere to be found. His press agent was frantic.

Down the bay, a fruit steamer headed for Brazil. Walking up and down the deck, back and forth, pacing restlessly was Gus.

"*Amazona Aestiva, Amazona Aestiva.*" he kept repeating to himself. "Comes from the Amazon, hey? Well, Gus, that's where we're going. Our pride is at stake—we're going to find out what sound or noise or screech or howl *Amazona Aestiva* makes."

A week later, Gus embarked from the

fruit steamer, and boarded a river boat that steamed, inch by inch, it seemed, up the longest river in the New World. Another two weeks, and he chartered a small boat, hired a native guide. Day after day, they slowly churned up the river, until that boat could go no further.

"Him Aestivo pretty soon now," said the guide.

The guide secured a small native craft, and several wild-looking natives to man it. They pushed up the river another week—and suddenly they were in the *habitat*.

At dawn, Gus set out alone. The guide merely pointed the direction.

"You go. Me no go. You find him. Plenty Aestiva. I wait."

Hour after hour, Gus plodded on through the dense, matted jungle without seeing what he came to see.

Then, suddenly, not a dozen yards ahead, he saw a nest. A green and yellow head popped up and glared in Gus's direction.

"Found at last!" exclaimed Gus, pulling a picture out of his pocket, showing a green bird, with hooked bill and red and yellow trimmings. He had borrowed it from the private collection of the Curator. "*Amazona Aestiva*," it was inscribed.

The bird looked up in surprise at the sound of Gus' exclamation.

It opened its beak. Gus beamed and strained to listen. His moment had come.

"Well, what do you know? How are you Gus? What are you doing way down here?"

It was the parrot that had escaped from the zoo! *Amazona Aestiva* was an ordinary green parrot!

VIGILANTE



OLD TOTE TODD'S GREATEST WISH WAS TO LIVE... AND DIE... IN A GOLD-RUSH TOWN AS IT WAS YEARS AGO! AND THEN, MIRACULOUSLY, HIS WISH CAME TRUE! SO THRILL TO THE SIGHT OF A GHOST TOWN IN MODERN TIMES, RELIVING ITS BOISTEROUS YOUTH, LURING STAMPEDING PROSPECTORS... AND HUMAN JACKALS! BUT THEN THEIR TRAIL CROSSES THAT OF THE VALIANT VIGILANTE, WHO STAKES OUT A CLAIM AGAINST LAWLESSNESS AND BRINGS AN OLD SOURDOUGH PEACE IN...

"Gold Rush-1947!"



TWO OLD CRONIES OF THE GOLD-RUSH DAYS ARE RADIO STATION OWNER, DAN JEFFERS, AND SOUR-DOUGH, TOTE TODD...

TOTE, WHEN WE WERE YOUNG STERS, WE WERE PARTNERS—WHY WON'T YOU SHARE MY MONEY NOW?

THANKS, DAN... BUT MONEY AIN'T NOTHIN' TO ME...

MONEY CAN'T BUY WHAT I WANT—TO DIE WITH MY BOOTS ON, IN A GOLD-RUSH TOWN, LIKE IT WAS IN THE OLD DAYS.

LATER... THE DOCTOR GIVES HIS REPORT ON TOTE...

OH... IT'S THAT PAIN IN MY STOMACH AGIN'!

YOU'RE GOING TO MY DOCTOR, AND THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT TALKING MY OUT OF IT!

I HAVEN'T TOLD TODD YET, BUT HIS CASE IS INCURABLE. HE CAN ONLY LIVE ANOTHER MONTH.

MY BEST FRIEND... AND WITH ALL MY MONEY, I CAN'T HELP HIM!

THEN JEFFERS RECALLS HIS FRIEND'S RECENT WORDS...

"MONEY CAN'T BUY WHAT I WANT—TO DIE WITH MY BOOTS ON, IN A GOLD-RUSH TOWN, LIKE IT WAS IN THE OLD DAYS!"

DOC, DON'T TELL TOTE HE'S GOING TO DIE—BECAUSE I'M GOING TO MAKE HIS WISH COME TRUE!

LATER... DAN JEFFERS EXPLAINS HIS PLAN TO A GROUP OF RADIO ACTORS...

WELL, BOYS, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

SURE! WE'LL PUT ON A REAL SHOW FOR THE OLD-TIMER SO THAT HE CAN DIE HAPPY!

AND GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR... AND STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID... ARE ASKED A SPECIAL FAVOR...

GREG, COULD YOU ASK YOUR FRIEND, THE VIGILANTE, TO JOIN THE CAST? HE'D ADD A REALISTIC TOUCH!

SURE! HE'LL DO IT!

SEEMING THAT I'M THE VIG, HE COULDN'T DO ANYTHING BUT

DAYS LATER, AND A ONCE FORGOTTEN GHOST TOWN, DESERTED FOR YEARS, ROARS AGAIN.

HI, GREG... LOOK WHAT I DUG UP!

AN OLD CHUCK WAGON! GREAT STUFF! JUST WHAT WE NEED TO MAKE TOTE THINK THIS TOWN IS THE MCCOY!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CITY, JEFFERS BREAKS THE "NEWS"

DID YOU HEAR? GOLD'S BEEN DISCOVERED IN TWO-GUN GULCH! THERE'S A STAMPEDE ON!

A GOLD RUSH AGIN'? DAN, YOU AN' ME IS GOIN' PROSPECTIN' PRONTO!

BUT THE STORY OF THE REAL-LIFE PLAY BEING PUT ON FOR TOTE'S BENEFIT HAS REACHED THE EARS OF A CERTAIN EVIL TRIO...

BOY, THIS SET-UP HAS POSSIBILITIES!

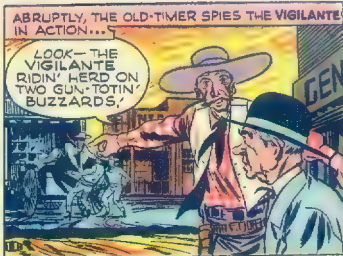
YEAH, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY O' GETTIN' DOUGH OUTA IT!

AND SO, THE ACTORS DON THEIR COSTUMES AND THE DRAMA BEGINS.

IT'S SURE ENOUGH A GOLD-RUSH TOWN. DAN, THIS IS LIKE MEDICINE TO ME!

ABRUPTLY, THE OLD-TIMER SPIES THE VIGILANTE IN ACTION...

LOOK—THE VIGILANTE RIDIN' HERD ON TWO GUN-TOTIN' BUZZARDS.



IF WE HAD A SHERIFF, YOU CROOKS COULDN'T GET IN THIS TOWN!

HOPE I DIDN'T HIT THE FELLOW TOO HARD... AFTER ALL, WE'RE ONLY PRETENDING!



AIN'T NOBODY GOIN' TO HELP THE VIG? AIN'T THERE NO REAL MEN IN THIS TOWN?



DON'T LIKE BLOOD-SHED, SO I'LL JEST SHOOT THE GUNS OUTA YORE HANDS!

YIP!
I GIVE UP! DON'T SHOOT!

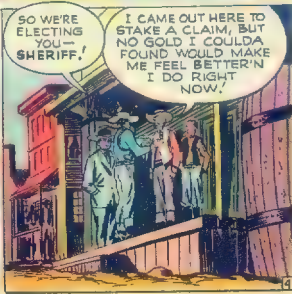


WE NEED AN EXPERIENCED MAN LIKE YOU, PARD. IT TAKES A REAL OLD-TIMER WITH WESTERN SAVVY TO KEEP A TOWN STRAIGHT.



SO WE'RE ELECTING YOU—SHERIFF!

I CAME OUT HERE TO STAKE A CLAIM, BUT NO GOLD I COULDA FOUND WOULD MAKE ME FEEL BETTER'N I DO RIGHT NOW!





LATER... INSIDE A CLOSED ROOM...

THE ACT
WENT OVER
BIG!

I'M GLAD I SUBSTITUTED
WAX-NOSED BULLETS
FOR TOTE'S REAL
ONES.

WE'RE
GLAD, TOO!
HA! HA!
OR WE'D
HAVE
BEEN
GONERS!

OH-OH! ACCORDING
TO OUR SCHEDULE,
I'M DJE ONSTAGE IN
A FEW MINUTES!

3 P.M. VIG TO EXPOSE
"CROOKED GAMBLER"
5 P.M. PHONEY HOLDUP
IN GENERAL STORE
8 P.M. HORSE "RUSTLER"
TO BE CORNERED

3 P.M. - VIG TO EXPOSE "CROOKED GAMBLER".

YOU'RE JUST IN
TIME, SHERIFF! I
CAUGHT THIS SIDE-
WINDER CHEATING!

'PEARS L I KE
WE'RE GON' TO
NEED A BIGGER
JAIL.

WITH TRUE THOROUGHNESS, SHERIFF TOTE
NEXT INSPECTS THE "MINED" GOLD IN THE
"ASSAY" OFFICE...

"MM-MM! MIGHTY
GOOD ORE! FOLKS
AROUND HERE SURE
HAVE STRUCK IT
RICH!"

BUT LISTENING
OUTSIDE...

TEN GRAND
N GOLD! THE
BOYS'LL BE
GLAD TO HEAR
THAT!

AFTER TOTE LEAVES...

GOOD THING JEFFERS PROVIDED
US WITH REAL ORE IN CASE
THE OLD-TIMER
CAME AROUND!

UH-HUH!
THOSE BAGS
HOLD NEARLY
\$10,000
IN GOLD.





LATER... SOMEWHERE IN THE MOUNTAINS ...

...IT'S A CINGH!
ALL THEIR GUNS IS
LOADED WITH
BLANKS.

BUT NOT OURS.
LET'S GET
ROLLIN'.



AND SO IT IS THAT THE PLAY
ABRUPTLY TAKES ON STARK REALISM!

HEY! THIS ISN'T ON OUR SCHEDULE...
UGHH!

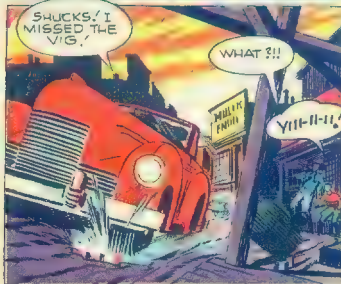
WE'RE AD LIBBIN' OUR
PARTS, ACTORBOY!
GRAB THE
GOLD,
GUYS.



SHUCKS! I
MISSED THE
VIG.

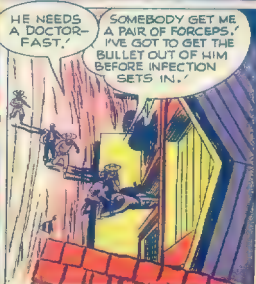
WHAT ?!!

YIII-II-II!



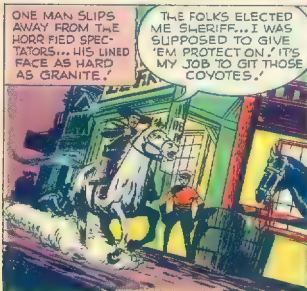
HE NEEDS
A DOCTOR-
FAST.

SOMEBODY GET ME
A PAIR OF FORCEPS.
I'VE GOT TO GET THE
BULLET OUT OF HIM
BEFORE INFECTION
SETS IN.



ONE MAN SLIPS
AWAY FROM THE
HORRIFIED SPEC-
TATORS... HIS LINED
FACE AS HARD
AS GRANITE.

THE FOLKS ELECTED
ME SHERIFF... I WAS
SUPPOSED TO GIVE
'EM PROTECTION. IT'S
MY JOB TO GIT THOSE
COYOTES.



OH-OH! I DIDN'T LIKE THE LOOK
ON TOTE'S FACE. I'D BETTER TAG
ALONG AND KEEP H.M OUT
OF TROUBLE.





RIDING WITH OLD TOTE, STUFF FLIRTIVELY LEAVES A TRAIL OF BLANK CARTRIDGES FOR THE VIGILANTE TO FOLLOW...

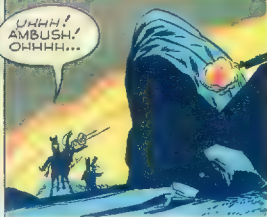
KEEP BEHIND ME, YOUNG 'UN... I DON'T AIM TO SEE YOU HURT WHEN I TRADE SLUGS WITH THEM KILLERS.

YES, SIR!



ABRUPTLY, A VICIOUS VOLLEY CUTS DOWN THE GALLANT OLD-TIMER.

UHHH! AMBUSH! OHHHH...



YOU ROTTEN KILLERS! OOOOF!

GRAB THAT K D! HE'S THE VIG'S PAL! WE CAN USE HIM AS A SHIELD IN CASE WE RUN INTO THE VIG.



MEANWHILE, THE LAWMAN OF THE PLAINS IS SHOCKED BY STARTLING NEWS...

TOTE? I SAW HIM HEADING FOR THE HILLS AFTER THOSE CROOKS! STUFF WAS TAGGING AFTER HIM.

WHA-AAT? I'D BETTER SADDLE UP PRONTO! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE.



STUFF'S CARTRIDGE-TRAIL LEADS THE VIGILANTE TO THE MORTALLY WOUNDED WESTERNER...

HURRY... THEY GOT STUFF... GIT GOIN'...

TAKE IT EASY, O-D-TIMER! I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU—AFTER I CORRAL SOME COYOTES.



BUT AS THE LAWMAN RIDES ON, SNARLING BULLETS RIP AT HIM.

ALMOST RODE INTO A GUN-TRAP!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!





SEEKING REFUGE
BEHIND A BOULDER,
THE VIG GETS AN
IDEA...

THIS IS THE ABANDONED
MINE DIGGIN'S! THEY'RE
ATOP THE DRILL SHACK
OVER A MINE SHAFT!
THEY CAN SPOT EVERY
MOVE I MAKE! WAIT—
THAT EMPTY OIL
DRUM—



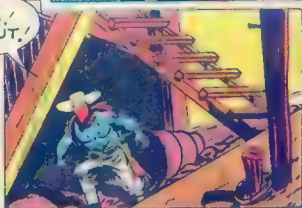
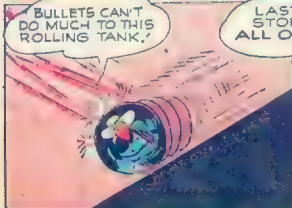
PRESENTLY—AN OIL DRUM ROLLS
AND BOUNDS DOWN THE SLOPE...

HE'S INSIDE
THAT DRUM!
BLAST AT
IT!

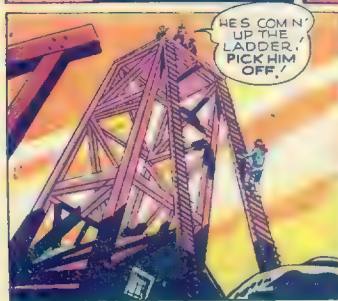


BULLETS CAN'T
DO MUCH TO THIS
ROLLING TANK!

LAST
STOP!
ALL OUT!

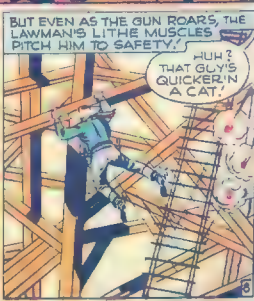


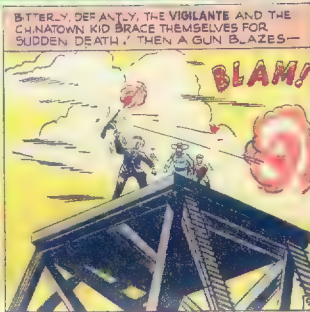
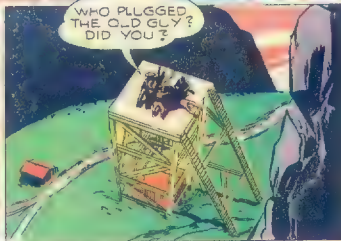
HE'S COMIN'
UP THE
LADDER!
PICK HIM
OFF!

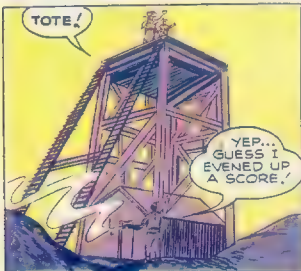


BUT EVEN AS THE GUN ROARS, THE
LAWMAN'S LITHE MUSCLES
PITCH HIM TO SAFETY!

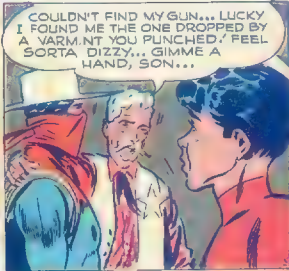
HUH?
THAT GUY'S
QUICKER'N
A CAT!







YEP...
GUESS I
EVENED UP
A SCORE!



COULDN'T FIND MY GUN... LUCKY
I FOUND ME THE ONE DROPPED BY
A VARMINT YOU PUNCHED! FEEL
SORTA DIZZY... GIMME A
HAND, SON...



PRESENTLY, A PITIFULLY
TRAGIC COLUMN HEADS
INTO TOWN...



TOTE...
MY OLD
PAL,
TOTE...
DYING.

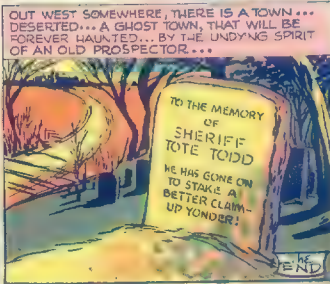
NO, DAN...
DON'T FEEL SORRY
FOR ME, IT'S WHAT
I WANTED... TO
RIDE THE LONG
TRAIL... WITH
MY BOOTS ON!



TO THE
LAST, HE DIDN'T
KNOW ABOUT
HIS ILLNESS!
I'M GLAD!

HE DIED
LIKE A HERO!
HE WAS A
GREAT
GUY.

HE
DED
HAPPY!



OUT WEST SOMEWHERE, THERE IS A TOWN...
DESERTED... A GHOST TOWN, THAT WILL BE
FOREVER HAUNTED... BY THE UNDYING SPIRIT
OF AN OLD PROSPECTOR...

TO THE MEMORY
OF
SHERIFF
TOTE TODD

HE HAS GONE ON
TO STAKE A
BETTER CLAIM-
UP YONDER!

THE
END

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LOOK



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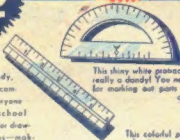


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